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**ART. IV.**—*Cushing's Reminiscences of Spain.*

1. *Reminiscences of Spain, the Country, its People, History and Monuments.* By CALEB CUSHING. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston. 1833.
2. *Letters descriptive of public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners in France and Spain.* 2 vols. 12mo. Newburyport. 1832.

WE are glad to perceive, among those of our countrymen who have occasion to visit foreign parts, an increasing disposition to communicate to the public, in one way or another, on their return, the result of their observations. Within the last five or six years, a very considerable number of works of this description have been published among us, many of them of great value. We may instance, particularly, the *Year in Spain* by Lieut. Slidell, and Mr. Irving's beautiful sketches of the same country. Considering how remote that once celebrated kingdom is from the ordinary track of travellers, it may appear a little singular, that we should have, in the works now before us,—two more descriptions of it, which, in interest and substantial merit, will very well bear a comparison with those that have preceded them. We feel ourselves under a more than ordinary obligation to take an early notice of the labors of Mr. Cushing, inasmuch as we have long had the honor of reckoning him among our contributors. Two of the best articles in his work,—which have for their subjects the lives of Columbus, and of Amerigo Vespucci,—are in fact reprinted, with some variations, from the pages of this journal.

In presenting the results of his visit to Spain, Mr. Cushing has not adopted the form of a simple and direct narrative, but has moulded them into a sort of miscellany, made up of historical and geographical sketches, moral essays, tales and poems. In taking this course, he probably had an eye to the brilliant success of Mr. Irving's *Sketch Book*, which has exercised a pretty strong influence upon the direction of our whole contemporary literature. It is rather a dangerous experiment,—as we had occasion to remark in our notice of another recent publication,—for a young author to bring himself into direct comparison with a justly popular model, but if he have merit

enough to sustain this test, the honor is of course so much the greater. Mr. Cushing, if he have not, on this first essay, surpassed, or even fully equalled, his distinguished exemplar, has produced a work which will be read with great pleasure, and which, should he continue to devote himself to letters, holds out a high promise of future excellence. The best parts are, we think, the descriptions of places and persons: the least successful are the poems, which are yet not without considerable merit. They are mostly translations from the Spanish, and exhibit in some instances a remarkable facility of versification. The tales are very interesting, particularly *Isabel of Castile*, which had already appeared in the *Token* under the title of the *Stolen Match*, and *Garci Perez*. The moral essays, though a little too loosely connected with what must be regarded as the real subject of the work, are full of just thoughts and generous sentiments. We proceed to offer some extracts, as specimens of the different styles of composition to which we have just alluded.

The following passage contains a description of the Convent of *San Lorenzo el Real*, commonly called, from the name of the village in its immediate neighborhood, the *Escorial*, which is regarded by every true-born Spaniard as the tenth wonder of the world.

‘San Lorenzo is built of a dark, gray granite. It consists of a vast assemblage of buildings, so constructed as to represent the humble utensil of a gridiron, it being that which served as the instrument of the martyrdom of Saint Lawrence. It might seem to require some ingenuity to construct an edifice on such a model; but Juan Bautista escaped all difficulty by turning the gridiron upside down; and after that every thing was easy of arrangement. The edifice consists of an oblong square, divided into chequers by buildings which cross each other at right angles, thus making a great number of interior courts, and figuring forth the bars of the gridiron. Towers, distributed with symmetry and taste at the angles, are the legs of the instrument; and a range of building, which stretches out from one of the fronts of the main edifice, and is used as the royal habitation, represents the handle. Fantastic and absurd as such a model might appear to be, the skill of the artist has removed all traces of bad taste from the work as executed; and the sublime proportions and sumptuous decorations of the edifice are suitable to the most pure and classical design.

‘Some persons, says Laborde, who have never viewed this

monument of the piety, grandeur, magnificence, pride, and perhaps fear of Philip II., have ascribed to it whatever an excited imagination could suggest of ridiculous and false : they have multiplied, beyond reason, the number of its gates, windows, pilasters, and columns ; they have lavished upon it gold, silver, porphyry, precious stones, ornaments the most diversified, delicate, and rich, with unstinted prodigality. Others, directed by unjust prejudices, have seen in it nothing but enormous and confused piles of stone, a heavy, monotonous, fatiguing mass, without taste or elegance. They have alike erred in their estimation of its merits. The Escorial, without being a marvel, is nevertheless a beautiful, noble, majestic edifice, imposing by its mass, astonishing by the riches it contains, remarkable for the beauty and regularity of its execution, and worthy, by its magnificence, of the greatness of the monarch who caused it to be constructed. And the judgment, thus passed upon it by Laborde, seems to me to be dictated by good sense and sound taste, and entirely conformable to the truth.

‘ There is, within the walls of the Escorial, such a multitude of courts, galleries, and passages, that it would be vain for a stranger to attempt to find his way through the more public parts of the edifice. We therefore obtained, at the *fonda*, a guide to conduct us to the cell of the father, Fray Antonio Guadalupe, whose appointed duty it was to attend visitors through the various apartments ; and this guide, strange as it may seem, was a blind man, a hanger-on at the *fonda*, who cheerfully afforded us his services for a trifling reward. Our guide led us directly to the proper gate of entrance, and through a long arched passage into the interior, and thence into the *patios* of the monastery, numerous as they are, with a precision altogether wonderful. He knew all the doors which led to this or that place, the cells of the different friars, the sacristy, staircases, and other localities, and arrived at them without hesitation or uncertainty. Even windows, which opened upon particular prospects or spots of interest, he selected and raised, just as if he possessed the use of sight. It so happened that Fray Antonio was not in his cell at the moment ; and in seeking or waiting for him, our blind leader conducted us over a very considerable portion of the edifice, entertaining us meanwhile with his explanations and remarks.

‘ Students of the college were loitering in one of the courts, as I suffered some expressions of impatience to escape me, on finding that it was necessary to trouble one of the fathers to accompany us, and that he was not at hand. The by-standers appeared anxious that a foreigner should have no cause of complaint or dissatisfaction in visiting the place, and several of them hastened

away in different directions to look for Fray Antonio, lest any imputation of discourtesy should rest upon the house. In fact, the arrangement is not a very convenient one for strangers, who are continually arriving, and would find it agreeable to be attended by a *cicerone*, whose time they might command without scruple and for a price. Or, if the good fathers deem it unfit their house should be shown, as it were, for money, a *Suisse* might be employed in this task, as in the palaces and other public establishments in France. But, in Spain, they have different notions of these things; and why should we complain of arrangements, the reasons of which we may not perfectly comprehend, and which, at any rate, are designed in a hospitable and friendly spirit?

‘Certain it is, that when Father Guadalupe at last made his appearance, and especially after becoming acquainted with him, I deeply reproached myself for having indulged in a single word or sentiment of impatience upon the subject. He expressed his regret, on account of the delay we had suffered, in the most amiable and cordial manner, and instantly won upon my regard, by the mild and gentle yet intellectual cast of his clear pale face, his tall erect form and air of dignity, so entirely free from the gross and sensual appearance, which I have observed too often among the monks of Madrid. Under his guidance, and with Bermejo’s minute *Descripcion de San Lorenzo* in my hand, I gave up myself to the gratification of examining, too cursorily indeed, the grandeur and riches of this noble edifice.

‘San Lorenzo abounds in splendid pictures of the great masters, in canvass and fresco. Most of them are in good preservation, although some of the paintings in fresco are injured by damp, and not a few of the large pieces in the open galleries have been disfigured, partly by the French, but still more by idle and ill-bred youths placed here for education, who, in the same wretched spirit of vulgar mischief, which is apt to disgrace the inmates of other places of instruction, have scratched, defaced, or written upon the lower part of the panels. France, it would seem, is almost the only country, where the young and uneducated pay such entire respect to these national monuments of art, that nothing need be apprehended from rendering them freely accessible to all classes and ages.

‘Of these paintings, such as are in fresco, that is, upon the interior walls and vaulted ceilings of the Escorial, in the chapel, library, sacristy, cloister, and stair-cases, and of course painted for the special decoration of the edifice, are of the highest merit and by eminent masters, such as Carducho, Giordano, Pellegrino dei Pellegrini, and Caravajal. But splendid as are these

works of art, they are surpassed by the multitudes of exquisite productions of all the great masters of Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands, suspended in different parts of the monastery and palace. Here are the master-pieces of Navarrete, surnamed El Mudo, of Ribera, Carducho, Coello, Caravajal, among the Spaniards; celebrated works of Raphael, Albert Durer, Titian, Carducho, El Greco, Coxie, Rubens, Pellegrino, Sebastian del Piombo, Tintoretto, Vandyck, Guido Reni, Guercino, Leonardo da Vinci, Giordano, Paul of Verona, and I know not how many others of the eminent names in the art of painting. There are single apartments, which, independent of all the rest, suffice to form splendid galleries of the very highest order of selectness and richness. Such is the sacristy, containing, among other pieces, Our Lady of the Rosary by Murillo, the Visitation of Saint Elisabeth by Raphael, an Agnus Dei by the same artist, his unrivalled picture of the Virgin, familiarly known as the Pearl, the Interment by Ribera, and exquisite pieces by Leonardo, Titian, Tintoretto, and Guido. Such also is the old or temporary chapel, where, in company worthy of it, hangs the celebrated picture by Raphael, denominated La Virgen del Pez, or Our Lady of the Fish. I am aware that I do but recount the names of artists and their works; but to describe their beauties would occupy a volume; and in speaking of the Escorial, it would be treason to genius which the world admires, to omit to designate some of these its greatest productions.

‘Of the statuary, sculptures, columns, and other architectural ornaments, why should I attempt to speak? Here is a vast edifice, seven hundred forty-four Castilian feet in length and five hundred eighty in breadth, filled with objects of interest in these branches of arts! and instead of attempting to particularize them, let us repair to the church, which affords the best idea of the general style of architecture and ornament adopted in the Escorial. Imagine a temple three hundred twenty feet in length and two hundred thirty in breadth, surmounted by an immense dome rising three hundred thirty feet above the pavement, constructed of solid blocks of stone, abounding with statues, pictures, columns, and every thing which can render a place of worship imposing, and you will then obtain some general idea of this majestic church. The greyish tint of the stone, and the sparing admission of light, contribute to awaken sombre emotions, allied to superstitious gloom; but the effect is withal grand, overpowering, I had almost said sublime; and it is while standing in the great nave, and gazing on the lofty vaults and heavy pillars and long lines of masonry, interrupted only by splendid pictures, or sumptuous mausoleums, or the magnificent altars and chapels, that

one learns to appreciate the Escorial. Viewing it without, we feel a sensation of disappointment, because we are compelled to compare it with the surrounding mountains: here, within the walls of its church, we judge of it, as we should of every work of human hands, by reference to ourselves and our own stature;—and here, therefore, we are overwhelmed with the sense of the grandeur of its conception and the nobleness of its effect.

‘Here, as in other large churches, the choir, sanctuary, and chief altar, are the particular objects more especially deserving of attention, for their rich carvings, pictures, and statuary in stone or metal. The sanctuary contains two superb mausoleums. One, in honor of Charles V., is ornamented with five bronze statues, representing the Emperor armed, and clad in his imperial mantle, accompanied with the Empress Isabel, his daughter the Empress Maria, and his two sisters of France and Hungary. The other, of Philip II., consists of similar bronze statues of the king and three of his wives, Maria, Elizabeth, and Anna. The chief altar and its tabernacle are also extremely magnificent.

‘Fray Antonio carried us to a small apartment, looking out upon the gardens, where many of the reliques belonging to the house are preserved. How much soever others may experience of reverence in viewing them, it was impossible for me, free as I was from the influences of Roman Catholic education and habits of mind, to regard them with lively interest except as objects of curiosity. But still I could not refuse to listen with respectful consideration to the explanations of Father Guadalupe; nor could I presume to deny the sincerity of his faith—in their genuineness and their valuable qualities. Apart, indeed, from the miraculous property claimed for such reliques by the Roman church, the sentiment, which leads a Catholic to revere a fragment of the true cross, or to prize the remains of a saint, is a natural one, allied to our best feelings and principles. Do not men lay by, as memorials of the place, a leaf of laurel plucked in the gardens of Blenheim, a wheat-sheaf from the blood-fattened field of Waterloo, or a wild flower gathered at the tomb of Mount Vernon? Who may not have cherished even a lock of hair in memory of an absent or deceased friend? Let us exercise toleration that we may deserve to receive it; let us be just towards the opinions of others, if we would have them generous in respect of ours. We of the Protestant faith, especially in Old and New England, whose law-books contain or have contained so many penal provisions against Catholics, should be less prone than we are to condemn them for a spirit of persecution. And it argues little in favor of our own charity, that we so readily ascribe to superstition the peculiarities in religion of the Spaniards, and of

the vast body of Christians who accord with them in belief; and that we denounce their habitual respect for consecrated things as mere clerical imposition or art of interested men.

‘The Escorial is rich in literary treasures. Its books are deposited in two noble and beautiful apartments. The principal library consists of printed works, arranged in a large hall, one hundred ninety-four feet in length, decorated with fluted columns and appropriate paintings. The second library is above the first, and of the same length, and contains, with many printed books, an invaluable collection of manuscripts. Among the manuscripts of the Escorial, are a Greek Bible of the Emperor Cantacuzene; manuscripts of Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, and other fathers; part of a rich Arabic library, captured in the reign of Philip III., from Zidan, King of Morocco; and a splendid copy of the Evangelists, written in letters of gold by order of the Emperor Conrad. There is a singularity in regard to the fine old volumes, which composed the original basis of the library. They are richly bound, and have the edge of the leaves gilded; and the title being printed on this gilt edge, the books are placed on the shelves with the front of the volume advanced to the eye instead of the back. In visiting this, as the other great libraries in Europe, one is forcibly struck with a sense of the treasures of calm enjoyment they contain, the advantages they afford for studious labor, the allurements to intellectual pursuit they hold forth, and the munificent means, which the scholar thus possesses, of associating with the mighty dead in the study of their writings, here in the very palace of kings. How poor, how mean, at such moments especially, appear all the feverish pursuits of gain, ambition, or corrupt pleasure, which occupy the world so intensely, —the senseless violence of party rancor, the wordy warfare of newspapers and public assemblies, the deadlier strife of the battle field! Who, if the consideration of our great duties as men and as members of society sanctioned it, but would choose the learned leisure of the Escorial or the Vatican, before the cares of government or fortune in Rome or Madrid?

‘It remains only that I speak of the *Panteon*, that sumptuous but sad repository for the mortal remains of the monarchs of Spain, which surpasses all other portions of the Escorial in magnificence. It is a vault, so constructed under the church, that the priest, who officiates at the great altar, stands upon the keystone of its arch. Descending twenty-five steps of granite, you arrive at the outer portal of the *Panteon*, ornamented with columns of marble with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, and two allegorical statues of bronze, and bearing a Latin inscription, indicative of the purposes of the place. Entering here, you pro-



ceed by thirty-four steps of polished marble, separated into stations or landing places, to the sepulchre itself. This whole passage is covered with marbles and jaspers of the richest quality and workmanship, with occasional ornaments of gilt bronze. From the last landing place, a side stair-case conducts you to a sepulchre called *Panteon de los Infantes*, designed for members of the royal family; the principal vault, called *Panteon de los Reyes*, being appropriated to crowned kings and to queens who have left posterity.

‘The *Panteon de los Infantes* is a highly finished oblong apartment, thirty-six feet in length by sixteen in breadth, containing the bodies of upwards of fifty of the queens and children of the royal House of Spain. Here lies the unfortunate Don Carlos, slain by order of his father Philip II., on account of a supposed intimacy with his third wife, and the young Queen, Elizabeth, who also fell a victim of the same accusation; and their remains were deposited here on the same day, the first tenants of this chamber of death. Here are the three sons of Philip’s fourth marriage, who one after the other were cut off in youth, as if in punishment of the cruel acts, which made way for their birth. Here is the celebrated Don Juan de Austria, an illegitimate son of Charles V., but the heir of his talents and of no small share of his fame. Here is the great Duc de Vendôme, natural son of Louis XIV., who, by his courage and conduct, could place his nephew, Philip of Anjou, on the throne of Spain, but, dying in the vigor of his days, gained for himself only a niche in the vaults of the Escorial. And here lie the successive wives of the seventh Ferdinand, good, amiable, and pure-hearted enough to have graced private life and to honor a throne, but each doomed to a childless bed and an early death, as if Heaven wished to save them from the infirmities of sex and the contamination of this world.

‘But it is in the *Panteon de los Reyes* that all the luxury of funereal art has been exhausted. It is an octagon, thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty eight in height, composed of jasper, marble, and bronze. The door of entrance occupies one of the octangles, and the altar is placed in the opposite one; and the remaining six, separated by marble pilasters, contain twenty-four marble tombs supported on claws of bronze, which are destined to be the last temporal abiding places of those, to whom the wealth of the Indies and the power of Spain were all too little for contentment on earth. The floor is paved in marbles of diversified colors and in radiating lines like a star. Over head, the vault or cupola, pierced with eight windows, two of which admit a faint light, is decorated with bronze mouldings, and from it hangs a

beautiful chandelier. The altar, and all the other details of this royal grave, are of corresponding beauty and splendor. Eight kings and eight queens have already been interred here: the sepulchral urns, for those who shall succeed them, stand ready to receive the last remains of royalty. The Emperor Charles, the great founder of the Austrian dynasty, begins the melancholy tale of death; and it ends with the fourth of this name, and his weak and vicious Queen Maria Luisa, in whom the glories of their kingdom and house were sacrificed to her hatred of her own offspring, and her criminal fondness for an upstart adventurer.

‘Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;’—

monarchs, whose will was law and their look command,—they, and their glories, triumphs, conquests, are all ‘shrunk to this little measure.’ Within this narrow chamber their descendants may retire from the splendors of royalty, to muse on the nothingness of life, or draw lessons of admonition from the actions of their predecessors; for too few of them afford examples of true greatness or virtue:—and indulge in those feelings, so peculiar to their race, which caused Charles V. to enter his coffin, and submit in anticipation to the solemn services of burial,—which induced Philip II. to build his palace and cemetery under the same roof,—and which prompted Maria Luisa to select and mark with her name the niche in which her remains should be deposited.

‘I ascended from this mansion of the dead in no mood to be interested by the palace, or the grounds around the monastery, which, however tasteful and pleasing, are not deserving of very particular notice, at least in comparison with other parts of the foundation. I kissed the hand of the kind father, as I parted from him, with sentiments of sincere esteem and regard; and when I left the Escorial to return to Madrid, it was with far other emotions than when I first beheld it; for I had now learnt to feel its magnificence by close inspection. And I saw that it stood, and must forever stand, a noble monument of the perfection of the arts in the reign of Philip II., and of the dignity and opulence of the monarchy. Its beautiful pictures may be defaced, its pillars and statues and marble may be broken and scattered to the winds, but the solidity of its structure will defy the malice of man and the hand of time. Nothing but an extraordinary convulsion of nature could shake it from its base; for even the most persevering efforts, with all the explosive power of gunpowder, could but overturn, without destroying it; and after all, its ruins would survive, rendering San Lorenzo admirable in its very fragments, and a fit emblem of the genius and fortunes of modern Spain.

We have already mentioned *Garci Perez* as one of the most interesting of the tales. Its length prevents us from copying it entire. We extract the commencement, which includes a correct and graphic description of one of the principal squares in the city of Madrid, called the *Puerta del Sol*, or Gate of the Sun.

‘The Holy Office, or, as it is popularly styled, the Inquisition, exercised, for centuries, a marked influence over the sentiments and actions of the Spaniards of every rank of life. Its great power,—the secret and mysterious means by which it was accustomed to proceed, contrasted with the terrible publicity of its *acts of faith*,—and the deep-seated religious feelings of the people, conspired to render the Holy Office an object of mingled veneration and dread throughout the Peninsula. In general, there is reason to believe, the operations of the Inquisition were *conscientiously* directed, however tyrannical, bigoted, and cruel they may have been ; but still there is no want of well-authenticated cases, wherein its transcendant authority was perverted to purposes of individual vengeance. And although its executions were for the most part a studiously devised ceremony of faith, yet sometimes they were performed within the speechless walls of its dungeons ; and sometimes, when public in fact, they were brought about by an agency, as covert as its ordinary judicial proceedings. Some idea of the corrupt objects, to which its power was occasionally applied, may be gathered from the following incidents, which, although chiefly fictitious in themselves and grouped around a supposititious personage, correspond in their nature with facts recorded in history.

‘There dwelt in Madrid, during the reign of Charles the First, a pains-taking Valencian, Gil Cano by name, who successfully exercised upon the persons of the King’s lieges the double mystery of barber and surgeon, uniting therewith some occasional practice as a *memorialista*, or intelligencer. Although Gil Cano had as good a right to his proper Christian and surname as the proudest noble of Castile to either of his two or three *hats*, yet he was familiarly known by the simple appellation of *El Valenciano*, and so universally, indeed, that Gil himself had learned to accommodate himself to the popular usage, and to consent to be called ‘the Valencian,’ as it were *par excellence*. He occupied, for the multifarious purposes of his calling, two small apartments on the *Puerta del Sol*, a few doors from the corner of the *Calle de la Montera* ascending into the *Calle de Alcalá*, one room being within or behind the other, and the latter opening immediately into the public square. The *Puerta del Sol*, it is well known, is

the favorite daily lounge and rendezvous of all the idlers of this idle city, and of the multitudes from the provinces, who seek a livelihood in the court by industriously doing nothing. The great thoroughfares from all quarters of Madrid centre here, just as the circulation of the human system begins and ends in the heart. Here the old *militaires*, retired from the wars to eke out their days on scanty pensions, meet to fight over their battles anew ; and the young officers on furlough, to discuss the ankles of the young Andalusian, who made her first appearance at the theatre in the *boleros* of the last evening's representation. Here, as many a sprightly fair one, carefully muffled in her *mantilla*, glides through the press, it is only the glance of her dark eye, or the graceful contour of her form as seen through the close black robe, which prepares the cavalier she approaches for the sly salute of her fan, or perchance the softly whispered assignation for a more unreserved interview. Here the tiled courtyard and the meanest beggar who sleeps by night in the church door,—the priest and the penitent,—the magistrate and the bold robber of the highways,—all jostle each other in the indiscriminate crowd ; while the rattling of *calesas* and coaches, and the shrill cries of fruit-women and water-sellers, are heard above the loud hum of a thousand voices earnestly engaged in animated converse, in this great popular *exchange* of Madrid. In short, the little shop of *El Valenciano* was the most public spot in the whole city.

‘The hour of *siesta* had passed, and the multitudes, which for a short space had left the *Puerta del Sol* to comparative solitude and quiet, were again thronging its pavements. *El Valenciano* was busily plying his trade, standing under the significant basin which constituted the sign over his door, or passing in and out to receive an order from one or communicate a message to another of the numerous passers by, and disappearing occasionally for a few minutes to open a vein or trim a chin ; when suddenly the confused murmurs of the *Puerta del Sol* seemed to acquire unity of object, and the crowd to gather in a dense mass around the door of Gil Cano. The cry arose that the poor wretch, whose life and character had been entirely inoffensive, had been barbarously murdered in his own shop. It was some time before the *alguazils* could penetrate the noisy mob, so as to reach the scene of interest, and obtain a connected account of the circumstances ; but when this was at last accomplished, the whole affair seemed sufficiently mysterious.

‘*El Valenciano* was found lying extended on his back along the floor of his inner apartment, entirely dead, although still warm with recent life, his body being stretched out and his limbs com-

posed, as it were, with some degree of care ; and as no mark of violence caught the eye on a cursory inspection of his person, it was for a moment supposed that he might have died of a disease of the heart, or of some other ordinary natural cause of sudden death. But on partly removing his dress and examining his body more exactly, it was perceived that there was a small wound on his right breast, having the external appearance of a scratch merely, or a slight break in the skin, but proving to be a deep stab of some pointed weapon, which struck through the lungs into the vessels of the heart, and had produced almost immediate death, although without being followed with any external effusion of blood. There could be no mistake about it ; the practised eye and hand of one of the *alguazils* not only followed the wound to its termination in the heart, but detected the red and bruised spot, where, as the weapon had been driven home in the breast, the hilt had left its mark on the skin around the stab. And to render assurance doubly sure, the weapon itself was presently discovered, fixed in another wound lower down in the body, and concealed among the folds of the doublet and hose, which second wound would have been fatal, had not the first performed its office effectually. It was a small silver-mounted dagger, of very peculiar workmanship, the hold of the cross being covered with net work of silver wire, and the pommel consisting of a beautifully wrought head of the Saviour, those admirable features, which tradition has so faithfully preserved.

‘ But whose was the dagger ? And by what hand were these two skilfully aimed blows inflicted ?—In the difficulty of supposing that an assassin could have entered the shop, and murdered *El Valenciano* thus under the very eyes as it were of all Madrid, it was suggested that it was a case of suicide ; and that Gil Cano, who was a lone man, of somewhat eccentric habits, and without ties to attach him to the world, had killed himself in some fit of despondency or mental aberration. But this hypothesis was discarded almost as soon as formed ; for beside that the feeble arm of the old man could not have struck so heavy a blow as the upper wound implied, it was manifest, from its direction and position, that it was physically impossible it should have proceeded from the hand of the deceased himself. Who, then, the question recurred, could have dared to commit this murder in a situation so exposed, where the slightest cry would have been audible to hundreds, where so many spectators were at hand to observe the assassin, where the successful performance of the deed, without being detected, presupposed a combination of fortunate circumstances little less than miraculous ?

' *El Valenciano's* body had been brought to the door by the officers of justice, one of whom held the dagger in his hand, as the speculations, just detailed, were going on among the bystanders. Suddenly a shout of "Seize him, seize him in the King's name,"—burst from the *alguazil*, who felt the dagger to be snatched from him by a hand from amid the crowd, and who vainly endeavored to follow the bold arm, which he saw, but could not arrest. But the confusion which this extraordinary incident occasioned was changed to consternation, when the cry of the *alguazil* was interrupted by a deep stern voice, seemingly at his very side, uttering in distinct and measured accents the words "*Venganza de Garci Perez.*" The startled officers were stricken dumb with amazement at the sound; and the multitude hurriedly dispersed from the spot, holding their breaths in suppressed fear, and scarcely daring to whisper to their own hearts that the Valencian had drawn upon him the "vengeance of Garci Perez," and that this daring criminal, a noted robber of the mountains of Granada, had presumed to pursue his victim at mid-day into the very shops of the *Puerta del Sol*.

' But in those times, when Madrid was become the capital of half the globe, the assassination of an humble individual, however mysterious in its manner, was not a thing to fix attention for any length of time. For a day, the death of *El Valenciano* was the passing subject of light jest, or honored at most with a shrug of the shoulders at the slight of hand of Garci Perez; and on the following day it would have ceased to be remembered, but for another extraordinary event, evidently connected with the first, and strongly calculated to excite the wonder of the curious *Madridenos*.

' It was the festival of the Conception, a day held peculiarly sacred in Spain; and the civic authorities of Madrid heard mass in the church of San Salvador, where the remains of the poet Calderon have since been deposited, and which is also decorated with a rich monument in memory of the last duke of Arcos, of the name of Ponce de Leon. The *corregidor* of Madrid, in military dress, accompanied with his aids also in uniform, and four mace-bearers in crimson silk cloaks, occupied a kind of enclosure made by means of moveable benches, to separate him from the ordinary worshippers, who, kneeling upon the *estera*, filled the body of the church. The gorgeously gilded stoles of the officiating clergy, the rich apparel of the *corregidor* and his followers, the multitude on the floor in the humble attitude of adoration, the lofty architecture of the church, with its pictures and sculptures, and its heavy tapestry swung from pillar to pillar, composed one of those impressive spectacles of religious solemnity, so com-

mon in Catholic countries, and so well fitted to recommend the Catholic worship to the imagination. The half audible responses of the worshippers, as they struck the breast in penitential sorrow, and bowed down at the elevation of the Host, seemed to soften the heart to a sense of its sinfulness, while the noble peal of the organ raised it again to the hopes and aspirations of immortality.

‘Father Joaquin Arteaga, a Carmelite friar pre-eminent for his learning and piety, officiated at the altar of Our Lady of the Conception. He had passed through various minor dignities of the church, was now one of the King’s confessors, and had lately been nominated to the Pope for the vacant see of Jaen,—a preferment which he had well deserved, not merely for his general merits, but still more for many years of assiduous labor in diffusing the knowledge of the Gospel among the natives of the New World, and at the same time protecting them, so far as he might, from the rapacity of the first conquerors. Above the altar where he stood was one of those unsightly representations of the Virgin, which are so frequently consecrated to favorite shrines in Spain;—wooden or composition figures, tawdrially dressed up in silks and muslins, and placed in chapels to the exclusion of the numerous beautiful sculptures of holy persons, which otherwise abound in the churches, but which, as symbols of the beings to whom supplication is addressed, seem to be regarded with less of respect than humbler images, wholly destitute of merit as works of art. Father Joaquin had deposited the Host on the altar, and was bending his head upon his clasped hands before it, when a single shriek broke from him, and he fell prostrate on the floor of the chapel, with a heavy sound, which seemed to indicate that he was struck down by violence. The assistant priests ran to raise up their beloved brother, but they found him a lifeless corpse; and horror froze every soul, when they perceived a silver-mounted dagger stuck in the heart of Fray Joaquin, and saw that he had been sacrilegiously murdered at the very altar of God, and with the words of worship on his lips.

‘An immediate inquisition into the circumstances ensued, under the personal direction of the *corregidor* himself. The weapon was drawn from the wound, and examined; and strange to say, it proved to be the very dagger, which had taken the life of Gil Cano in the *Puerta del Sol*; and scarce was the fact ascertained, when the identical words, which had proclaimed the vengeance of Garci Perez, repeated in the same stern voice, seemed to issue from the very lips of Our Lady of the Conception. In vain did the *corregidor* command the doors to be closed, that Garci Perez, or whoever else was the perpetrator of

this daring imposition,—for imposition he affirmed it unquestionably was,—might be apprehended and brought to condign punishment. But all within the church had now become a scene of wild tumult and irremediable confusion. Women shrieked, and men uttered incoherent ejaculations of mingled prayer and execration; while some, more thoughtful or more superstitious than the rest, when they glanced upon each other's panic-struck faces, felt as if they were witnesses of some awful visitation of divine justice upon crimes too dark and atrocious for human laws to reach. So far from the orders of the *corregidor* being observed, the mysterious dagger itself disappeared in the disorder, and thus every clue to the truth seemed irrecoverably lost.

‘But this time the public curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and every body manifested the greatest anxiety to probe the affair to the bottom. It was no longer the case of an obscure individual, stabbed in his dwelling by a private enemy; but a distinguished ecclesiastic had been struck by the same hand, under circumstances, equally calculated to shock the sensibility of the rationally devout, and to work on the superstitious fears of the unreasoning multitude. All Madrid was in commotion from one end of the city to the other: the “vengeance of Garci Perez,” and the mysterious power possessed by this bold bad man, constituted the sole topic of conversation. Conjecture was weary with seeking to imagine or discover where he was, and how he was enabled thus to elude, or rather to defy, pursuit and inquiry. But in the midst of the perquisitions of the municipal authorities, and the wondering speculations of the good people of the most noble and loyal city of Madrid, a royal proclamation appeared on the corners of the *Puerta del Sol* and in other public places, which informed the citizens, that, for sound and sufficient reasons of state, it imported the service of our Lord the King that the deaths of Gil Cano, the barber surgeon, and of Fray Joaquin Arteaga, Bishop elect of Jaen, should be forgotten, and that the name of Garci Perez should cease to be mentioned in Madrid. Of course, the dutiful subjects of Don Carlos took care to banish the subject forthwith from their memories. But the hidden motives and mysterious means of those two deaths constitute a curious and instructive trait of Spanish manners and feeling.’

Of the general political and moral speculations which occupy a considerable portion of Mr. Cushing's work, those suggested by a view of the site of the ancient city of Italica, in the neighborhood of Seville, are particularly happy. We extract the first part of them: the remainder is occupied by an inquiry into the duties that belong to the patriot citizen, and an



exhortation to a conscientious and diligent discharge of them through evil report and good report, without regard to minor discouragements, or the suggestions of merely selfish interest.

“ When I returned from Asia to assume the proconsular government of Achaia, as my galley sailed slowly up the Saronic gulf, I began to cast a curious gaze upon the surrounding regions. Behind me lay Aegina, before me Megara, on my right hand the Piræus, on my left Corinth :—cities, which in times gone by were the brilliant abodes of opulence and power, but now lay prostrate beneath my eye, in the sorrowful desolation of their present abandonment. The scene came over my spirit with a train of sad, but high-purposed reflections. What? said I :—shall we, feeble creatures of the dust, who by the very tenure of life are only born to die,—shall we repine at the decrees of destiny, or impeach the justice of the immortal gods, if one of us do but perish by disease or violence, when here, in these narrow limits, lie the scattered and unsightly ruins of so many of the noblest among the cities of Greece ?—Wilt thou not chasten the murmuring spirit within thee, and in sight of these fallen monuments of the wise and great and glorious of past generations, remember that thou also art but man ? ”

‘ They are the words of Servius Sulpicius that I repeat. Thus it was that the lofty old Roman, while musing on the gloomy aspect of his country’s fortunes,—her legions devoured by the sword of civil war on the bloody plains of Pharsalia,—her proud senators, those lights of their day, those imperial masters of the civilized world, cut off, proscribed, banished, or kneeling in ignoble sycophancy at the feet of an ambitious dictator,—her hundred provinces the distracted scene of commotion, warfare, and all the multiplied miseries of a great revolution convulsing the frame of so vast an empire,—and her magnificent republican institutions, cherished through so many ages of weal and woe, and cemented by the blood and toil of successive races of heroes and sages, whose names were become identical and synonymous with patriotism, now dashed to the ground by the mailed hand of that victorious Cæsar, whose glory shone all too brightly for the liberties of Rome,—thus it was, in such a time, that Sulpicius sought to pour consolation into the anguished soul of Tully, overwhelmed at once by the accumulated weight of sore domestic loss and portentous public calamity. In this could the father find alleviation of his sorrow, as he wept over the ashes of his Tulliola,—the young, the beautiful, the blest, the adored of his fondest affections, the lovely among the daughters of Latium, the observed among the wives of Rome,—arrested pre-

maturely in the career of life, by that doom of early death, which, according to the touching superstition of the ancients, heaven bestows on its favorites. In this, also, could the patriot see wherewithal to temper the bitterness of his agony, as wealth, rank, honors, country,—all were torn from his possession by the triumphant grasp of successful usurpation, to be lost to him forever, or only restored as the price of dishonest compromise with tyranny. And is there not indeed an elevated moral, a divine truth, a rich treasure of inspiring call to virtue, and of consolatory reflection under adversity, in the simple but sublime argument of manly fortitude, which Sulpicius drew from the spectacle of the “shattered splendors” of Greece?

‘If the spirit of the philosophic Roman could be permitted to revisit the scenes of his mortal pilgrimage, to navigate once more the classic waters of the Aegean sea, to tread the time-honored plains of “glorious Greece,” or to dwell yet again on the summer shores of his own fair Italy, what lessons might he not read, amid their ruined temples, and monumental caves of death, their broken thrones, and palaces levelled in dust!—What lessons of the petty nothingness of individual human miseries, when contrasted with the mighty mass of bereavement and suffering and desolation of the extinct millions, the proud and palmy nations of men, on whom the finger of heaven has fallen in its wrath!—What lofty lessons of constancy unshaken,—of virtue more grand in its example, more imperishable in its duration, than fanes of Parian Marble, or pillars of Egyptian granite!—What lessons of high-souled patriotism, standing out amid the darkness of age in the undying brilliancy of its fame, and living on with an immortality of amaranthine verdure, to show to all generations how it is that empires are lost and won, and states borne forward on the tide of prosperity and power, to sink back again with the reflux flood of their ascendancy, and rank with those parted pomps of a fleeting world, which have been, but are not, because temperance, and justice, truth, and religion, no longer counselled their counsellors, and the inspiration of liberty had ceased to breathe its life of life into the dissolving frame of their grandeur.

‘A barbarian horde of Turks have pitched their camp in the “land of lost gods and godlike men,” and savage Tartars, wild Arabs, and brutish Nubians make it the battle field, where the crescent and the cross are displayed as the banners of opposing faiths fighting for supremacy, and of conflicting nations, banded, the one for empire, and the other for existence. Its reverend shrines lie desolate. Its populous cities are expunged from the face of the earth, or subsist only to be painfully sought out in their ruins, concealed under some barbarous appellation of Set-

tines or Thiva or Castri, to mark the spots where Athens and Thebes and Delphi had stood, in the days of their greatness. Ages upon ages of corruption, unredeemed by scarce a single trait of their republican virtue, and of servile abasement as profound as tyranny in the government and profligacy in the people could make it, have gathered and thickened over Arcadia's plain of gladness and the ever green vale of Tempe, until the wanderer from other lands, kindling with recollections of the past, and oppressed with the spectacle of the present, exclaims, as he regards the scene with emotions of mingled grief and admiration,

'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !

' And yet, if the voice of studious wisdom would instil resolves of greatness into the hearts of ingenuous youth, where shall it go for examples of departed worth more pregnant with instruction or with stimulating inducements to virtue, than to the consecrated clime of the Greeks, slaves though they now be to the will, or but half emancipated from the power of the despot Mahmoud ? Thermopylae, Marathon, Salamis, Plataea,—these are but humble spots in a far-off land : but their names will speak to the soul like a trumpet-call, so long as freedom is dear upon earth ; and the oriental pride and pomp of Xerxes, wrecked on the dauntless courage of a handful of Spartans and Athenians, is a tale of virtue that must dwell on the lips of mankind forever. The Delphian oracle is silent, and the riches of the world are no longer deposited by pilgrim-nations at the now prostrate shrine of Apollo ; but the mountain of Parnassus, on which the pythoess uttered the responses of fate,—when will it cease to be associated with the sublimest effusions of poetic invention ? Athens remains in her Acropolis, and something of the Parthenon has escaped the corroding tooth of time, the havoc of war, and the desecration of plundering admirers of art. In the mutilated fragments of her statues and friezes and temples beneath your feet, you look in vain for the magic creations of the chisel of Phidias ; and her walls are but a strong hold for men as wild as the pictures of ruin about them :—yet from the lisps of boyhood learning, up to the riper thoughts of manly understanding, are not the deeds and the sayings of Socrates and Pericles, Aristides and Cimon, Phocion and Demosthenes, wrought into the very contexture of our minds, and held up as incitements to the acquisition of wisdom and goodness, until their names are

Familiar in our mouths as household words ?

Turn from the devastated shores of Greece,

Immortal, though no more,—though fallen, great ;

and leave behind you the bright isles of the Cyclades, lovely in their verdure still, but no longer smiling over the sea in the richness of ancient art. Bidding farewell to that little of the vineyards and olive gardens of the Morea, which Turkish oppression in past times, or Egyptian invasion in our own, hath spared, look to the favored fields and sunny slopes of Italy. Conquerors, laden with the spoils of a subjugated world, and leading the chariots of their triumph and the martial array of their victorious armies, crowd not now the numberless avenues, which, like the arteries of the human body pulsating to their common centre in the heart, converged from every distant region of civilized earth towards imperial Rome, bringing the accumulated offerings of vanquished nations and tributary kings to lay them in humble homage at the feet of the Capitoline Jove. All this has passed away like the pageants of a troubled dream; and Rome herself, the mother of so many empires that are now no more, is become the grave of Rome. The temples of Christian worship, and the palaces which modern opulence has reared, are founded on the dust of the marble city of Augustus. Yet there stands the Coliseum, its huge walls towering to the sky as if in defiance of the ravages of time and the malice of man; and who, that mounts the ascending steps of that vast amphitheatre, and reflects on the thousands and tens of thousands of extinguished races so often gathered there to witness the magnificent exhibition of a Roman theatrical spectacle, and looks out upon the broken columns of many a ruined temple, sumptuously built to the false gods of the Gentiles;—who, I say, in such circumstances, but calls to mind the apostrophe of Sulpicius, and the exalted lesson of moral greatness it proclaims to the world? Low lie the sculptured pillars of the temple of Concord:—but where Tully hurled the thunder of his eloquence at the head of Cataline, and spoke for the salvation of his country, an “immaculate charm” of moral interest remains, which vindicates the justice of Providence in the very fulness of its visitation. And if that forum, where the gravity of a Cato, the elegance of a Gracchus, or the cultivated richness of a Cicero were so often addressed to the listening tribes of the people of Romulus, and where litigating kingdoms appeared to plead before the simple chair of a Roman praetor,—if that forum is now lost in the rubbish of twice a thousand years, yet in every venerable fragment left by the stern senators of the Republic, or by the Trajans and Antonines of a later day, a volume of moral teaching is unfolded for the perusal of each after generation.

‘I might find matter to elucidate my position without end, beginning with the colossal sculptures of Luxor and Carnac, rising

like a wilderness of columns over the waters of the Nile, and the yet unexplained mysteries of the indestructible pyramids of Egypt, and circling through every clime of earth, even to the barbaric masses of those huge temples, which stand on the table land of Mexico or the mountains of the South, whose false gods have vanished and left no trace behind them, and whose worshippers are unknown to history. Nor is it from the monuments of antiquity alone, that illustrations for my object may be drawn; for every passing century that glides by is adding to their number. The same truth speaks out to the beholder, who gazes on the ivy crowned battlements and heavy buttressed turrets of many a dark hold of feudal power on the banks of the Rhine or the Loire, and who thinks of the knights with their banners set forth to battle, the waving pennons, and glittering spears, and prancing steeds, and fair eyes that look down upon the lists, and all the magic illusion, which minstrel lays have cast around the sad reality of the days of chivalry.

‘But why traverse the universe in quest of illustrations, when they lay scattered beneath my feet? I stood on a hillock of red earth, just variegated by fragments of marble, with half a dozen mutilated columns in the distance, protected by the good monks of San Isidro against the ravages of time. It was all that subsisted of the birth-place of Trajan. To this were the riches and architectural beauty of Italica reduced. A bright expanse of *inter-vale*, watered by the meandering Guadalquivir and its tributary streamlets, stretched out in verdure and fertility far as the sight could reach, breathed upon by the balmy influences of a southern sky. Nature retained her undying charms: it was the same lovely landscape on which Seneca and Lucan might have gazed in the olden time, and it was the natal atmosphere of the splendid Trajan. But the men, and the monuments they reared, had passed away together, leaving only the memory of their greatness to ennoble the spot. It was then I felt in its full force the truth so finely embodied in the stanzas of that poet, who is the great intellectual phenomenon of our time, and who, while given up to unspeakable profligacy of conduct, and with principles as perniciously false as the habitual course of his life was deplorably corrupt, yet, in his moments of better inspiration, struck out some of the grandest conceptions that poet or philosopher has ever uttered.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!  
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!  
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page. but these shall be  
Her resurrection; all beside decay.

There is the moral of all human tales;  
'T is but the same rehearsal of the past,  
First Freedom, and then Glory; when that fails,  
Wealth, Vice, Corruption, Barbarism at last:  
And History, with all her volumes vast,  
Hath but *one* page,—'t is better written here.

'This moral of all human tales, this rehearsal of the past, this one page of all the vast volumes of history, which Sulpicius read from the crushed arches and splintered columns of Corinth, and Byron from the indistinguishable heaps of the Palatine hill of Rome,—the eternal truth, deducible alike from the deep lore of reverend antiquity, and the more superficial wisdom of our own straight forward practical age, namely, the inseparable connexion between private virtue and national greatness,—how could it fail to rise up before me, as I stood on the hill of Santiponce and gazed on the few memorials of Italica, which have survived the fury of the Vandal, the Goth, and the Moor?—

First Freedom, and then Glory; when that fails,  
Wealth, Vice, Corruption:—

Such are the letters of Destiny inscribed by the hand of Time on every fabric of public greatness, from the days of Lycurgus and Numa, through all the succeeding vicissitudes of human affairs, down to the time when Washington revived the example of antique virtue, in regions unknown to fame, beyond the Atlantic.'

We are glad to learn from the preface, that the author's materials are not exhausted, and we trust that the success of the present work has been such, as to induce him to continue it. The other, of which the title is prefixed to this article, was printed last year for private distribution, and can hardly, with propriety, be made the subject of detailed criticism. It is a collection of letters written to her friends at home, by the late Mrs. Cushing, who accompanied her husband on his visit to Europe; and published, after her lamented death, in the form in which they were received. They contain an unpretending but very well written and interesting account of the scenes that fell under the observation of the travellers, and convey a most favorable impression of the intellectual and moral qualities of the author. The community, as well as her family and friends, have much cause to regret the premature termination of the earthly career of this accomplished lady, who, as is sufficiently evident from these volumes, was equally well fitted to shine in the higher sphere of letters, and to grace the private walks of social and domestic life.

As a specimen of the style of Mrs. Cushing's letters, we copy entire the one in which she describes her visit to La Grange, the residence of our illustrious fellow-citizen, Lafayette.

'On Thursday, October 8th, we received a second call from General Lafayette, who offered us two vacant seats in his carriage with himself and granddaughter, to go to La Grange on the following day. This kind offer, we were of course very happy to avail ourselves of, and the next morning at eleven o'clock, were on our way to that spot, which of all others I most desired to see. Our ride was a delightful one, as indeed how could it fail to be? The General conversed a great deal, and his open, unaffected manner banished all restraint. His granddaughter, Madame Perier, the daughter of Mr. George W. Lafayette, I found a most intelligent and interesting lady, gentle, unpretending, and amiable in her deportment. She has been two years married, and resides near Grenoble, to which place her grandfather had made his recent journey, partly for the purpose of visiting her family and of bringing her back with him to La Grange.

'The face of the country, between Paris and this place, is not remarkably pleasant, except one or two pretty views, which we saw in ascending a steep hill, near the village called Pont de Saint Maur. The road is sometimes bordered with vineyards, and these, the first I have seen, disappointed me exceedingly in their appearance. Instead of the beautiful arbors, hung with clustering grapes, with which a vineyard has ever been associated in my imagination, I saw nothing but a field of poles, with the vines attached to them by wisps of straw, less pleasing to the eye than a common pea-field in America. They were not enclosed by hedge or fence, and nothing but a ditch separated them from the road.

'In passing through the several villages, the people in the streets, at seeing the General's carriage pass, raised their hats with the greatest respect, though they could not see his face or person.

'At length we approached the end of our journey, and as we entered the boundaries of La Grange,—Now, cried the General, we are upon American ground. In a few minutes the turrets of the ancient *château* appeared in sight, and we soon drove through the portal and entered a court, three sides of which are occupied by the castle, the remaining one opening upon a beautiful park. The portal is cut through a part of the building, and this on the outer side is covered with ivy, which was planted by Fox, when visiting General Lafayette, after the peace of Amiens.

' When the carriage stopped at the door, we found all the family assembled there, ready to welcome their revered parent. They all embraced him affectionately, and he then introduced to them his guests, whom they received with cordial politeness.

' We now ascended to the saloon, where a bright and cheerful fire shed an air of comfort and hospitality around the apartment. It is a circular room, handsomely, but simply furnished. Around the walls are suspended portraits of General Green, of Mr. Monroe, John Adams, John Q. Adams, Jefferson, and Madison. At each side of the fire-place are portraits, one of Bailly and the other of La Rochefoucauld; and upon the mantelpiece are small marble busts, representing the father of Riego and his wife. At the opposite side of the room is a pedestal with a bronze bust of Washington, made at the time he was in the army.

' After remaining here a short time, we were conducted to our own apartment, in which a fire was also burning and every thing disposed for our reception. This room was hung with various prints of scenes in America.

' At six o'clock the bell rang for dinner, and we repaired to the saloon, where the numerous family of the house, and a few temporary visitors, were already assembled. Descending to the dining-room, situated upon the lower floor, we found a table abundantly spread, with meats and vegetables almost exclusively the produce of the farm; and the fruits, which formed the dessert, were all of the General's own raising. And the cheerfulness and hilarity, which reigned around the hospitable board, gave additional richness to the repast.

' It was at this time, that Madame Perier made me acquainted with the names of the family and their relationship to each other, and I shall mention them to you here. There were, first, the eldest daughter of the General, Madame de la Tour Maubourg, and her youngest daughter, Jenny. Next Madame Lasteurie, who has one son, Jules, and three daughters. The eldest, Pauline, is married to the Count de Remusat, and has an infant son, named Pierre. Her husband was with her at La Grange. The second daughter is named Melanie, and the third Octavie. There were three daughters of Mr. G. W. Lafayette, who, with his wife and two young sons, Oscar and Edmund, was now absent. The eldest daughter, Natalie, wife of M. Augustin Perier, had with her a little girl, Octavie, about ten months old. Her sisters are Matilde and Clementine. Madame de la Tour Maubourg has still another daughter, Celestine, who is married to the Baron de Brigode, and has four children. This is, I believe, a correct list of all the family of the excellent General, who appeared among them like the patriarch of the flock, and fully realized all my ideas of that ancient and venerable character.



‘ Having finished dinner, we returned to the parlor, and the evening passed in general and agreeable conversation.

‘ At ten o’clock the next morning we again met at the breakfast table, and afterwards took a walk around the domains. The General first conducted us to a pretty little building, with painted windows, in which was placed the Whitehall boat, called the American Star, presented to him at New-York. Thence to an enclosure, where were a beautiful American stag and a doe, presented to him from the *Jardin des Plantes*, but of American parentage. We then entered a large yard, surrounded by the buildings of the farm, at one side of which was the aviary, containing a number of very curious and beautiful birds. Then we were conducted to the various sheep-folds, which enclosed flocks of merinos, amounting, in the whole, to a thousand, all remarkable for the fineness and beauty of their wool. Entering the farm-house, we were shown two fine cool dairies, placed half under ground, and, like all the other apartments which I saw, remarkably clean and nice.

‘ After having seen all the different parts of the farm, we walked into the woods, which are beautifully laid out, in the General’s own taste; and a great number of the trees were planted by his own hand. Our walk terminated at a pretty little artificial lake, with an island in the midst of it, and a pleasure boat for sailing. Returning to the *château*, we took a run over the beautiful lawn in front of it, with trees so planted in groups, as to afford open vistas between them. After this we all separated, to pursue whatever occupation we chose.

‘ And this is one of the great charms of La Grange; all are left at liberty to go and come as they please, without any of the restraints of ordinary visiting. You may read or write,—walk, sail or hunt, as the one or the other is most agreeable to your taste, until the dinner bell gives the signal for again uniting. It seems to make not the slightest difference in the arrangements of the family, whether there are twenty guests or only one. All that come are cordially welcomed, and they have only to make themselves as happy, as the numerous attractions of the place enable them to be.

‘ At dinner we were pleased to meet Mr. Levasseur, who, with two other French gentlemen, had arrived during the day. The evening was spent in music and dancing, the young ladies taking turns to play for each other. The room, appropriated for these purposes, possesses quite as many memorials of America, as the adjoining saloon. The most conspicuous object on one side was the ‘star-spangled banner,’ suspended between the portraits of Washington and Franklin, the latter painted by Madame Perier.

There were also busts of Mr. J. Q. Adams and Mr. Monroe, a portrait of the commander of the Brandywine, the Declaration of Independence, and Washington's Farewell Address, together with two French prints, one of the Bastille and the other of the *Champ de Mars*.

'After breakfast the next morning, we were shown the little room, which they call the museum, filled with various presents made to the General in America. There were a number of Indian dresses and canoes, a beautiful mahogany model of the celebrated water-works near Philadelphia, a little box of bird's eye maple, containing water from the Erie canal, a birch-bark box filled with maple sugar, collections of shells, and other curiosities too numerous to mention.

'We then followed to the library, which adjoins the General's sleeping chamber. Just outside the door of this room is a small picture of the prison at Olmutz, and the jailor unlocking the door of the cell in which the General was confined. The bed chamber was adorned with prints and paintings of different kinds; some of them portraits of personal and family friends, and others of public characters, such as General Jackson, Henry Clay, William H. Crawford and others. There were likewise prints of the Hancock house, of Mr. Adams's residence at Quincy, and the picture of a scene at Yorktown, with the figures of Washington, Lincoln, and Lafayette, among others, represented in it. Upon a table was placed a splendid silver urn, a present from the officers of the Brandywine. On one side was seen the harbor of New-York, at the moment of the General's departure, and the ship just setting sail. On the other was the open tomb of Washington, and three persons about to descend into it, namely, General Lafayette, his son, and Mr. Levasseur.

'The library is a handsome circular room, containing a large number of beautiful books, conveniently arranged in open book-cases, and consisting of all the most popular French, English, and American works, ancient and modern. Beneath these were other cases, the doors so ingeniously contrived as perfectly to resemble ranges of books. In these were kept splendid specimens of binding and printing executed in the United States; and large drawers full of the testimonials of affection and regard, which the General had received at different periods of his life; all which he seemed to value very highly, and to exhibit with the utmost pleasure. In the first drawer he opened, among a variety of pretty little boxes, was a pocket Testament, bound in red morocco, which he said a pious female friend was so kind as to give him, when he last visited the United States. Upon the blank leaf of it was written: "Be America his resting place and heaven

his home." He then showed us the contents of all the other drawers, the umbrella which Washington was accustomed to use, his silver spectacles, the cane of Franklin, a sword blade, made of the bolts of the Bastille, a large collection of canes, and a chair cushion, worked by Mrs. Washington at the age of seventy years. The most beautiful cane, that the General possesses, and which he always carries, is one cut from an apple-tree, beneath which he breakfasted with General Washington, on the morning of a memorable battle. The head is of gold, inscribed with his name, and beneath,—“It shaded him and his friend Washington.”

‘A striking proof of the inherent and delicate politeness, which displays itself in all the members of this charming family, is the interest that they manifested in looking over these gifts, and expressing the greatest admiration of their beauty, as if seeing them for the first time, though, in fact, they must have exhibited them to hundreds of their different visitors, always, I doubt not, with equal cheerfulness and alacrity. Among other curiosities, the General showed us a small, full-length portrait of himself, taken at the age of nineteen, and dressed in the uniform worn by the officers of the American revolution. The countenance is remarkably sweet and expressive; but although an exact representation of what he then was, it bears no resemblance to his present appearance. In the evening we amused ourselves in looking over a beautiful collection of engraved portraits of all the prominent actors in the French revolution, handsomely bound in a large folio book. The General entertained us highly by his interesting remarks, and the anecdotes which he related in connexion with the different portraits. Among the finest of the engravings were two of Napoleon, more beautiful than any thing of the kind I ever saw.

‘At length the hour for separating for the night arrived, and as we were to leave La Grange early on the following morning, we were obliged to take a reluctant farewell of this most interesting family circle, in whose delightful society two days had flown away upon the wings of the wind.

‘I had heard and read much of La Grange, but the reality far exceeded my expectations. Never did I imagine a scene of more unaffected harmony and domestic love, more unbounded kindness and hospitality, than this noble mansion presents. And faultless as had ever appeared to us the character of our venerable and illustrious host, it was in the privacy of domestic life, in the bosom of his family, that we were to learn all its perfection. I say perfection, for I believe if there exists a perfect or happy man on earth, it is General Lafayette. In every vicissitude of fortune, through praise and censure, through prosperity

and adversity, he has alike been true to himself, to his conscience, to his country. No recollections of lawless ambition, of cruelty or wanton bloodshed, can mar the tranquillity of his declining years. His name is still the rallying point to the lovers of liberty in his own country, and is hailed with the warmest gratitude and affection by millions of the free-born citizens of a trans-atlantic world. His children, to the third generation, "rise up and call him blessed," while his servants and numerous dependents look up to him as their protector and friend, and ever find in him an affectionate and considerate master. To the rich he is a delightful companion, to the poor a generous benefactor. No man can justly breathe a word of censure against his name, and I believe his own breast to be the seat of kindest feeling and good will, even to those whom he is compelled to call his enemies.

'To the American peculiarly, the home of Lafayette is one of the most interesting spots on earth. He not only meets, at every step, memorials of his beloved native land, from which he is now far separated; but he hears his country's praises from the lips of its generous defender, and warmly repeated by his grateful and numerous family. There can be no mistake in their expressions relative to America; they are not mere words of course, to please the American ear; they evidently spring from a sincere, hearty love for the country, and admiration of its free institutions.

'Such is the family, and such the charming residence, to which I bade adieu on the following morning with the utmost regret; mingled, however, with a feeling of satisfaction, that I had been so highly favored as to have passed even so short a time within the walls of La Grange: a circumstance, which I shall ever regard as a bright era in the recollections of my life.

The General is always accustomed to send his guests in his own carriage to the neighboring village of Rozoy; and although we left very early in the morning, we found him already risen to give us a last adieu. At Rozoy we took the diligence for Paris, and arrived there in the course of the afternoon. The next evening at half-past eight o'clock, October 13th, we entered the diligence for Orleans, bidding farewell to Paris, for a long time to come.—I had passed two months very delightfully there, and left it with a reluctance, only lessened by the recollection that we were to return again the following spring, after having enjoyed the now anticipated pleasure of a winter's residence in Spain, and a rapid visit to the south of France.'

The second volume of these letters, which is devoted entirely to Spain, is even more interesting than the former,

the subject being in general less familiar. We extract the letter which gives a description of a *fiesta de toros*,—or bull-fight.—Of the various accounts that have recently appeared of this peculiar and characteristic Spanish amusement, the following is by no means the least successful.

‘It had been understood for some time, that a *Corrida de Toros*, or bull-fight, would form a part of the festivities at Madrid on the occasion of the King’s marriage; and this exhibition took place accordingly at the time appointed, (December 15th). As I had a very strong curiosity to witness this ancient and celebrated Spanish amusement, I willingly pursued my way to the *Plaza de Toros*, situated at the extremity of the city, without the *Puerta de Alcala*. Here stands the immense amphitheatre in which the fights take place, and which is entered by several large doors, opening into spacious vestibules, from whence several flights of stairs lead to the interior of the building.

‘To have an idea of its appearance, you must imagine a vast circular area, surrounded by several rows of seats, raised one above the other; back of which are covered seats, and above these a range of boxes, extending quite around the building. Between the area and the uncovered seats is a space, of perhaps a yard or two in width, with a high wooden fence before it, which serves as a place of retreat for those engaged in the fight, when closely pursued by their furious antagonist. At one extremity of the amphitheatre is the King’s box, fitted up in a handsome style, the front part being composed of glass windows, which may be kept shut if necessary, without taking away the view of any thing that is going on in the arena. Opposite the king’s box are the orchestra, and the enclosure in which the bull is confined.

‘After I had been seated about half an hour, the arrival of the King and Queen was greeted by loud shouts of “*Viva la Reyna, Viva el Rey*,”—the first really hearty cheer of the kind, that I had yet heard. They came forward, accompanied by the King and Queen of Naples, and several other members of the royal family; and throwing open the windows, they bowed and waved their hands with much apparent gratification and cordiality of manner.

‘The King observed, immediately upon entering, that, owing to the imperfection of the notices given for the *Funcion*, as it is called in Madrid, the seats were almost entirely empty; and he therefore gave immediate orders that the doors should be opened freely to every one, without regard to payment. The consequence of this was a tremendous rush from without, which filled

the amphitheatre to overflowing, and presented to the eye, on every side, but one continued mass of human beings, all congratulating themselves upon the opportunity thus offered them, of witnessing a spectacle, which, to a Spaniard, is of all others the most popular and animating.

‘Large bodies of the military, in full uniform, were scattered here and there among the crowd, and a most splendid band of music played delightfully during the whole time that the seats and boxes were filling. As soon as the audience were quietly seated, the music ceased, and a door opened at one side of the arena, admitting a small troop of horse, who, preceded by a trumpeter, rode around the enclosure several times, dispersing the crowd, which had previously filled it. When their task was accomplished, they withdrew, and one of the *alguazils* then rode into the area, dressed in the same fanciful suit of black velvet, which they had worn on the day of the marriage,—and seated upon a beautiful white horse, caparisoned in trimmings of blue and silver. Having obtained permission of the King, that the spectacle should now commence, he announced this permission to a person in waiting, who immediately went out to give the requisite orders.

‘The *picadores*, five in number, then rode in, and advancing towards the royal box, took off their hats, and made a low bow to the King and Queen, after which two of them rode to their stations at the right and left of the enclosure, from which the bull was to make his appearance. The other three then retired, to be in readiness to take the place of either of their companions, should they be wounded or otherwise disabled, these being the only terms upon which a *picador* ever leaves the arena. These men are dressed in short jackets, of fanciful colors, the sleeves of which, as well as their pantaloons, are thickly padded to prevent any injury to the limbs in case of a fall, which not unfrequently takes place. They wore upon their heads immense broad brimmed hats, with small round crowns, and carried in the hand a long spear, with a piece of pointed iron at the end of it about an inch in length.

‘The *chulos*, so called, are dressed in a manner even more fantastical than the *picadores*. They wear small-clothes of various gaudy colors, with long white hose; and short jackets very much trimmed with gold or silver lace. Their heads are uncovered, and at the back part is a large club of ribbons, with long ends hanging down to resemble a queue. Each one of them holds in his hand a flag of cloth, either yellow, pink, blue, green, or some other bright color, the use of which is to attract the attention of the bull, in case any accident happens to the *picador*, and by

waving them in his eyes, to tempt him to pursue a new object, thus giving the *picador* time to recover himself.

‘These men now stationed themselves near the fence in various parts of the arena; and every eye, in the vast assemblage surrounding it, was eagerly bent upon the spot, whence the enemy was to proceed. Signs of impatience began to be expressed, more and more loudly, for the appointed signal, which was to be given by the King, before the bull could be released from confinement. This signal was at length made, the doors flew open, and the terrible animal bounded into the arena, his eyes glaring with rage, and almost matching in color the crimson ribbon, which fluttered from his neck, a symbol, as it were, of the sanguinary death which awaited him.

‘The first object, upon which he fixed his gaze, was the *picador*, towards whom he rushed with all the fury of madness. The *picador* received him upon the point of his spear; but the animal, being resolute and courageous, persisted in pushing forward, and the consequence was the instant death of the poor horse, who fell a blind-folded and unresisting victim to the furious attack of his adversary. The *picador* fell with the horse, and I felt a universal trembling seize me, when I beheld him struggling to free himself, even under the very horns of the enraged bull. But at the instant several of the *chulos* surrounded him, and, waving their bright flags before his eyes, succeeded in turning his anger upon themselves, whom he pursued with such speed, that one of them barely escaped by springing over the fence, leaving his flag behind him, as an object upon which the bull might vent his rage at pleasure. But such was not his intention; for, turning round, he flew with the rapidity of lightning towards the second *picador*, whose horse shared the same fate with that of his companion; leaving the arena cleared of horses for the space of several moments. During this time the *chulos* seemed desirous of making trial of their quickness of foot, by approaching almost within arm’s length of the animal, who stood brandishing his horns, and throwing up the dust in clouds with his hoofs, and then sprang forward in pursuit of his tormentors with unrelenting speed. It seemed impossible to me, at first, that they could escape him; but finding, upon observation, that they calculated their distance with unerring certainty, I began to feel a little more at ease than my fears would allow at the outset.

Two more horses being now brought upon the field, the battle between the bull and *picadores* was again renewed, and, after two or three violent attacks, both horses were disabled, and although not mortally wounded, were of necessity led out, the arena being thus cleared a second time; a circumstance of very

rare occurrence, and which was loudly applauded by clapping of hands, and loud cries of *bueno, bueno*, resounding from every part of the amphitheatre.

‘When the *picadores* had fought to the satisfaction of the King, he gave a signal for the *banderilleros* to appear. These men are dressed precisely like the *chulos*, being in fact a part of their number. They are each armed with two darts, called *banderillas*, barbed at the point, and ornamented with a variety of colored paper, cut into streamers. By the time that the *banderilleros* make their appearance, their antagonist being somewhat spent with rage and loss of blood, their task is rendered much less dangerous than it would be at the commencement of the fight. Holding a dart in each hand, they run boldly up to the bull, and, as he lowers his horns to attack them, they dexterously plunge the darts into his neck, and, springing to one side, easily avoid any danger from his pursuit.

‘This lasted for a very few moments only, when command was given to call the *matador*. He soon entered, dressed much like the others, but more richly, and with a greater profusion of gold and silver lace. He held in one hand a naked sword, and in the other a scarlet flag. Advancing towards the King’s box, he raised his *chapeau de bras*, and, kneeling on one knee, requested permission to kill the bull; which being granted, he walked to the centre of the arena, where he waited until the *chulos* should draw towards him the wearied animal. This they succeeded in doing; and no sooner did the bright scarlet cloth meet his eye, than all his former fury appeared to revive, and he darted towards it with all the energy he had shown at the beginning of the battle. The task of the *matador* is much more hazardous, and requires much more skill than any other. The object is to dazzle the eyes of the animal with the red flag, and at the same time to hold the sword in such a manner, as, when the bull presses forward, to sink the sword in his neck by the impetus of the latter, and without any exertion on the part of the *matador*. On this occasion, the second trial succeeded, and the sword was buried in the neck of the bull to the very hilt. He staggered and fell, amid the shouts and acclamations of the audience, when a man, approaching him with a short bladed knife, ended the poor creature’s sufferings and his life, by striking it into the spine.

‘The band of music now struck up a lively air, the trumpet sounded, and a door opening at the opposite extremity of the arena, three mules were driven abreast, their heads ornamented with a great quantity of colored worsted tassels, and with strings of bells around their necks. The bull being then attached to the traces, by a cord twisted around his horns, the mules set off at



full gallop, dragging behind them the fallen combatant. The instant that the door closed upon them, another bull was let into the arena, and the same thing was again repeated. But owing to the presence of the Queen, who had never before witnessed a festivity of the kind, several varieties of the mode of fighting were introduced, which are not exhibited upon common occasions.

‘After these bulls had been despatched in the usual manner, as above described, the *picadores* yielded their places to two other persons, called *caballeros de plaza*, a part formerly sustained by gentlemen of distinction, who then assisted in these exercises; but which custom has now consigned to professional fighters. The *caballeros de plaza*, who now entered the arena, were most beautifully dressed in the ancient Spanish costume, consisting of a black velvet hat and white plumes; a complete suit of rich yellow silk, slashed at the knees with blue; and a blue silk Spanish cloak, fastened at the throat, and flowing gracefully over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm perfectly free. Each carried in his hand a long spear, made of very light, brittle wood, and barbed at the point. His object is to break off the head of the spear in the neck of the bull; and if it be skillfully done, one single blow, by separating the spine, causes immediate death.

‘At the first onset, both horse and rider were overthrown, and had the bull taken advantage of his position, the life of the *caballero* must have been instantly sacrificed. But the *chulos* drew him away to his second antagonist, who met him rather more successfully, and broke off the spear in his neck, but without wounding him mortally. This was reserved for the first combatant, who, having recovered himself from his fall, and being armed with a second spear, rode manfully forward into the centre of the arena, and attacking the bull without hesitation, buried the iron in his spine. He fell instantly dead, without a single struggle, and was borne off in triumph by the mules, amid flourishing of trumpets, and long echoed huzzas. The space of time occupied in destroying him, after this manner, was scarcely greater than I have employed in relating it; and a second bull having been brought in and killed quite as speedily as the other, the *caballeros de plaza* left the field once more to the *picadores*.

‘The succeeding fights differed from the first three only in the introduction of fire-works. That is, small crackers and other combustible materials, being affixed to the *banderillas*, were made to explode at the moment the darts entered the neck of the bull, throwing up clouds of smoke and innumerable sparks, which, for an instant, almost concealed him from view.

‘ After this, the cry of *perros, perros*, rang through the amphitheatre, and at the same time that the bull was ushered in at one door, another opened to admit three large bull-dogs, which, springing from the leashes that confined them, rushed with the utmost speed towards the object of their instinctive hostility, and were received by him, one after another, upon the points of his horns, and tossed high in air, only to come down again upon their feet with increased rage, and to renew the attack with unabated courage. In a few minutes the two largest dogs had seized each an ear of the bull, to which they held with determined pertinacity, until the foaming and furious animal became entirely subdued and quiet, suffering himself to be led along by his tormenting conquerors, when the friendly knife put a speedy end to his existence. The tenth bull was likewise destroyed in the same manner; and the King then rose to depart, the vast multitude dispersing in various ways to their several occupations.

‘ You may perhaps be surprised, after perusing the foregoing account, that a lady could experience any thing but disgust in witnessing a species of amusement so barbarous and unnatural. Such was my own opinion respecting it after reading similar accounts; but strange as it may appear, there was a fascination about the whole scene, which did away, in a considerable degree, the painful and revolting feelings, which arise at the view of suffering, even if it be the suffering of a brute. And moreover there seemed something so ferocious and revengeful in the nature of these animals, that much of the sympathy, which might otherwise be felt for them, was lost; and the unpleasant impressions made upon the mind, gave way to the indescribable excitement and animation of spirits, produced by the sight of so vast a collection of people, all wrought up to the highest pitch of eager interest in the scene before them, by the never-tiring charm of martial music in its full perfection, and by the associations, which the combat itself cannot fail to awaken in every lover of Spanish chivalry and Spanish romance. I would be far from intimating, however, that I really enjoyed the spectacle, or that I did not turn away from it at times with a sickening sense of its barbarity. But such feelings were much less frequent and much less strong than I had imagined they would be, or than you could believe possible, without having yourself witnessed a scene of the kind.

‘ A few days afterwards, (December 17th), a second royal bull fight was given, which I again had the courage to attend. But it was only to bring away with me very different and less pleasing impressions of the thing than I had received from witnessing the first, which was, in fact, the first of the kind that had occurred in Madrid for many years, and which exhibited comparatively

little of the disgusting or disagreeable part of the combat. But in the second I was not so fortunate. Several of the poor horses were shockingly mangled and gored by the horns of the bull, without causing their death, and sometimes without preventing their riders from still urging them on to renewed attacks. This circumstance would alone have been sufficient to mar all my enjoyment; but there were others, in addition to it, which rendered the fight excessively irksome and unpleasant to me. There was scarcely any variety in the mode of warfare, which was carried on in its least attractive form, at least to my eye; and the arena being divided in the middle, in order that two courses might be going on at the same time, the animals were brought in much closer contact with the *picadores* and *chulos*, for whose fate I was in continual dread and anxiety. Eighteen bulls were killed before the *funcion* ended, and I then returned from the amphitheatre little disposed to witness another bull fight, and fully persuaded that, in this respect, I could never learn to be a Spaniard.'

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ART. V.—*De Beaumont and De Tocqueville on the Penitentiary System.*

*Du Système Pénitentiaire aux États-Unis, et de son Application en France; suivi d'un Appendice sur les Colonies Pénales, et de Notes Statistiques; Par MM. G. DE BEAUMONT et A. DE TOCQUEVILLE, Avocats à la Cour royale de Paris, Membres de la Société Historique de Pennsylvanie. Paris. 1833.*

*On the Penitentiary System of the United States and its Application in France, with an Appendix on Penal Colonies and Statistical Notes; by Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville.*

THIS work is the report of the gentlemen named in the title page, who, it will be generally recollected, were sent by the French Government, two or three years ago, as commissioners to examine the penitentiaries of the United States. In calling it, however, their *report*, we do not use that term in its strictly technical sense. We do not understand the work before us to be the official report, formally made by these gentlemen to the authorities, from whom they received their commission;—but a general statement, relative to their researches, ad-